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and then back to Cannon Street and then to 13 P.P. John is an extraordinarily good driver. Almost immediately I began to feel comfortable on the cycle. I enjoyed the ride from Waymart to Clinton Center more than I have enjoyed anything in recent years. Seated right behind John, I couldn't easily see where we were going and so I looked out to the left and right and up at the sky. It was late afternoon and the light was magnificent - there were some clouds in the sky. I was filled with Clinton Center thoughts and was very amused thinking about how Erastus Loomis or Merri Loomis or John Greenwood would respond to my arriving at Clinton Cemetery by motorcycle. I concluded that they would have been not at all bothered by the mode of travel by which I arrived there. They were, after all, pioneers and were adventurous individuals. He never held no stigma for them. They revelled in the new, and so "thoroughly modern SRP" arrived at Clinton Cemetery with his friend JVB. John was having a wonderful time as well. Our roles were reversed. He was doing the leading and I was doing the following. It was his suggestion that we drive over to Clinton. That pleased me. We walked around the Cemetery and tidied up around the family stones. I paid my respects to Mary Emma and Merri, as I always do. Their graves are on the side and are away from the earlier Greenwoods and I always make sure that they are not neglected because of their position off to the right. I always think about Mary Emma's poem about how one should conduct himself/herself at her grave. It always cheers me up. From Clinton we drove to Maple Grove church. While we were in Clinton Cemetery, John asked if me (OWP, SRP & JVB) would be going to the